
THE NIGHTINGALE.

"THE LEAST, THE LOVELIEST OF THE TUNEFUL TRAIN."

No. I.—MAY 10th, '96.

ADDRESS.

CUSTOM, the tyranness, who imposes her shackles upon the greatest part of civilized mortals, has decreed it an indispensable duty, for every author to usher his productions into the world with a genteel apology and salutatory Address. This, like the prologue to a play, is generally designed to bespeak the good will, deprecate the ill humour, and give a sketch of the plan, and object of the performance it precedes. Prologues, prefatory addresses and dedications are at length estimated at their real value. They are written, because esteemed a component part of a volume, and seldom perused, because they are commonly insipid and uninteresting. The EDITORS of the NIGHTINGALE, from a nobler motive, and under more durable impressions, than can be made by the mere idea of the FITNESS OF THINGS, or can be ascribed to the controlling power of Custom, present their most respectful devoirs to their patrons. Grateful for their encouragement, they improve the earliest opportunity of expressing their acknowledgments of the favors conferred;—grateful for their assistance in the prosecution of their laudable design of adding to the stock of their country's literary fame, they renew their promises of unremitted exertions to improve, amend and amuse.

IN OUR AMERICAN REPUBLIC there are more virtues and fewer vices to be found, than in any other division of the globe. The elegant KEATZ has drawn the picture of a terrestrial paradise in his description of the Pelew Islands, and OTHER writers have been elaborate in the praise of OTHER unlettered nations. But we should consider, that those good qualities of the heart, which no temptation ever assailed, no extraneous passion ever attempted to contaminate, are merely negative virtues, existing as such, on account of the ABSENCE OF POSITIVE VICE. The man who preserves his integrity and purity, when surrounded with artful seducers, and the alluring syrens of guilty pleasure—whose

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foul, like the rock in the ocean, which stands unmoved by the surge, and unshaken by the tempest, no calamity can weaken, no misfortune overwhelm; is the proper subject for the eulogies of eloquence, the lyre of the bard, and the admiration of angels! Such ennoblers of Humanity and ornaments of Creation have fought the battles and labour'd in the Cabinet of America. In order to "hit off" a true likeness of the wonderful being, Man, the artist should portray, from the inhabitants of a country, where there are no unnatural crimes committed, and where most of the Virtues flourish. The justice of Brutus, was as much an unnatural sense of Virtue, as the vengeance of Medea, inflicted upon her unoffending babes, an excess of unnatural Vice. In America, no haughty parent ever led his child to the scaffold, or beheld him expiating his crime by the sacrifice of his life, with a bosom unmoved, or an eye, "unflooded with a tear." The Roman spirit, undaunted, resolute, tenacious of its honor, magnanimous, honest and humane, animates the bosoms of the sons of Freedom in this western world. The milder virtues, the graces, the charities of life inhabit the breasts, and emanate in unspeakable expression from the countenances of our lovely countrywomen. Here then let the intellectual appelles draw the character of "man as he is," and as he ought to be. As in the most finished form on earth, there may be some spot or blemish, so, in the variety of ranks, orders, classes, persons and families which compose the AMERICAN Public, there are undoubtedly many abandoned to the commission of iniquity;—many transgressors of the laws of God and man.

THOSE who undertake the task of perusing this address, are informed, that it is principally designed as introductory of a series of lucubrations on the nature and qualities of man. The subject, complicate and extensive as it is, may serve to answer the purpose of entertaining or instructing some, who do not happen to possess or be troubled with a speculative turn of mind. We do not expect to complete the picture, but hope to furnish pretty accurate, likenesses of many features and limbs, parts and proportions of the wonderful original. Neither do we write for fame. No glory can accrue to those, who give their productions to the public with an anonymous signature, or avail themselves of every possible art to conceal their names, their occupations and abodes. If we can please and inform;—if we can cheat one hour of its irksomeness, cause one smile to dimple the cheek of beauty, pour one balmy drop into the wounded heart, and deserving, receive the approbation of our patrons, our most sanguine expectations will be richly realized, our highest ambition most amply gratified.

[We acknowledge the receipt of "Abel's" strictures on the prevailing follies of the times. We would just hint to him that a moral censor ought to be critically correct, and that indecent language will never avail to reform indecency of manners. We would recommend to his perusal the following lines of the Roman poet. "Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vita."]

Biography.

Right Reverend SAMUEL SEABURY, Bishop
of Connecticut and Rhode-Island.

[The principal part of the following was originally published in the Federalist Society. We now present it enlarged, corrected, and improved, as a brilliant specimen of American Literature.]

THIS great and good man, viewed as a Minister of the Episcopal Church, considered as a Public Teacher of Piety and Morals, or contemplated in the higher calling of an Ambassador of JESUS CHRIST, merits an Eulogium from the wise, the learned, and the good ; neither are we limited by the talents of the preacher, or the virtues of the priest, for the amiable and endearing charities of father, master, friend, were truly and sincerely all his own.

To those who enlisted themselves under the banners of his eloquence, I now submit the appeal, whether he did not only describe virtue as she descended from Heaven, in her native lustre, but exhaust the worlds of reason and eloquence, to demonstrate that her ways were truly pleasant, and her paths would end in peace.

As a minister of the Episcopal Church, and one of its first dignitaries, he maintained her discipline, unfolded her ceremonies, and explained her doctrines.

As an Ambassador of Jesus Christ, he established the certainty of his mission and person by developing, upon the broad and boundless anvil of analogy, the long series of Jewish types and symbols, till the rising figure confessed the features and betrayed the

form of Jesus of Nazareth.—Was there a ray which glimmered in the firmament of prophecy, which he did not collect, and transmitting them through its immense perspective, till their combined lustre, formed the galaxy which ushered in the birth, and ascertained the person of the long looked for, long hoped for, and long sought for Messiah.

Neither did he neglect the higher demonstration to sense and nature, by varying the mind through all the miracles he wrought, from the blushing waters at the festal board of Galilee, to the articulating mute, the leaping cripple, and reanimated Lazarus.

Can you ever forget, upon the day, which our Church holds sacred to the memory of the distressed Nazarene—with what strength and beauty, with what pathos and eloquence he depicted the whole tenor of his sufferings, from the bloody dew of his anguish in the garden of Gethsemane, to his perforated side, his insulted temple, and loudning groan, upon the heights of Calvary, where the waters of bitterness, which had so long boomed, at last billowed over his head.

Neither were his talents confined to the sombre portrait of the event ; you must equally remember with what joy and exultation you perceived the mild dews of that celestial morning, which, by unfolding the rising and triumphant God, after the multifold and dark encounter of sin, transgression, and hell, beamed even upon the night of the grave.

Earth did not limit him, or the grave confine him, for to the expanding optic of faith, he unfolded the bright and boundless vista of eternity, whose blissful inhabitants, with minds tranquil as her streams, and cloudless as her skies, unite in choral symphonies, tuned to the ear of omniscience, and sung in the courts of God himself.

The desk, the pulpit, and the altar, were not the only theatres of his talents or his virtues, for while in the chambers of expiring life, the requiem of pardon, mercy, and peace, flowed from his lips to the desponding sinner, to the distressed and tortured patient, he administered with his hands the balm of comfort, the cordial of relief, and pillow of repose.

EPITAPH.

[The following elegant tribute to the memory of a worthy man, and a brave soldier, has been ascribed, and we believe with justice, to the editor of the Columbian Centinel.—We present it to the public, as an instance of the avidity with which we search for, and preserve those “invaluable fragments of Columbian literature,” which the VANDAL, Time, had consigned to the grave of oblivion.]

UPON this clod,
Far remov'd from the tears of afflicted Relatives, and
The sighs of sincere Friends—

“Desied the relick'd Urn, and trophy'd Bier.”

Lie the bones of a Soldier ;
slain by an enemy unworthy his bravery.

Congenial with his nature were the
habits of Military life—

The virtues of Generosity and Valor
he possess'd in an eminent degree—

And

The stain of dishonor never tarnished
his sword.

To a native frankness of heart,
he added

An honest bluntness of sentiment ;

Which, though it may have made him Enemies,
Rivett'd more firmly

The affections of his numerous Friends.

They knew,

Beneath his honest heart,

Neither Envy, Malice, Dissimulation, nor Revenge,
ever lurk'd in ambush.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

He was a friend to Freedom and Mankind,
 But in the cause of American Liberty,
 His FRIENDSHIP was heightened into enthusiasm ;
 And at its shrine,
 He sacrificed his prospects of fortune—
 Nor could the mandates of a mistaken Parent,*
 abate his patriotic ardor.

At the termination of a lengthy war,
 He,
 in common with many others,
 Found himself destitute of every thing,
 save his Honor and Integrity ;
 The EVIDENCES of his services—alas ! served
 to fill the coffers of Speculators ;
 But gave him a mere temporary relief.— *

[HIATUS.]

His feelings suffered much—
 Still his INDEPENDENCE never forsook him.

At length,
 After years of painful expectation,
 The summit of his wishes
 was gained,
 In being again called to draw his sword against
 the enemies of his country—
 And in a charge,
 At the head of a band of veterans,
 he gallantly fell ;
 And met a death favorable to his wishes,
 if from an honorable foe.

Though in the wilds of the dreary
 wilderness,
 Unnoted and unknown,
 No monumental stone marks the spot, where lie
 the remains of

Captain *PATRICK PHELON*:

NOTE.

* His father who resided at Halifax, where the deceased was
 born, in his Will, cut him off.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This consolation remains to FRIENDSHIP,
That his immortal part,
Clad in the uniform of the Angels of Light,
At the Great Day of Universal Review,
shall be transferred
To HAPPINESS ETERNAL.

"YE men of Valour ! Ye will tread lightly o'er his ashes, for he was your Brother ;—

"YE men of Generosity and Truth ; Ye will weep o'er his mangled relics, for he was your Kinsman,"

Slain, November 4, 1791.
Ætat 32.

Literary Amusements.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

I AM a decided friend to every literary enterprize, and my name is set as a subscriber to every proposed labor of genius or erudition. I was very much pleased with your prospectus ; yet, I think, like all other human productions, it might have been more perfect. You have denounced SCANDAL ! Why, gentlemen, if you were possessed of the least particle of knowledge of the world, or as I call it, common sense, you would have known, that the public will understand, by your determination to keep your pages undefiled with its venom, you mean neither more nor less, than to be very insipid.—Scandal is like cayenne with luscious viands—it preserves the taste from satiety and the mind from disgust. It is the salt of society, and gives a zest and relish to all the intercourses between man and man, or man and woman. Besides, you deprive half of your readers of their favourite amusement. You make an entertainment, invite your friends, and forthwith, one moiety of your company has nothing to eat, and must remain the idle, vexed, awkward, and disappointed gazers at their gratified and full-gorged neighbors.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Pray now, will not a dash of scandal make your Nightingale monstrously entertaining? Should she be the herald of the little slips and slides of a young female—of the suspicions of female friends—of the anxieties of female well wishers—I will venture to predict that the volumes containing the names of your subscribers will be as numerous and portable as Viner's abridgment of the law. Believe me, I write for your good, and should you reject my advice, it is my firm opinion, that the ladies will prove you to be no prophets, and assign your uninteresting papers to the high office of singeing turkies or bottoming patie-pans.

"Sat verbum sapienti."

I am your's,

PETER PEPPER.

CHARACTER OF A CHOICE SPIRIT.

[SELECTED.]

THAT a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps, in the way of his dealing; or with writing unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition of being a wit; and having forsaken his counter for Comus's Court, and dignified himself with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and a few days since affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had just written, called, *The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Mansion-House.*

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houses, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a

watchman, within a mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head or his lantern broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude, as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, "Whether I was a spirit of health, or a goblin damn'd?" I told him he was an undutiful young dog, for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him speak like a christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said I was a dry old fellow, and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, assured me that Mr. Twister would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories, a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list, and can recollect the following items:

"To all lovers of fun and jocularity:

"Mr. Twist will this evening take off a cat, worried by two bull-dogs; ditto, making love in a gutter; the knifegrinder and his wheel; High-Dutch squabble; and a hog in a slaughter-house."

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for these detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals the less I should like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore-finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise which very much resembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this signal he meant to ask me, if

I chose a whet ! I gave my consent by a sulky kind of nod, and walked into the back-room, as much ashamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted, and have selected these, as the most material, from among them :

On one of the sconces by the chimney, a smart grizzle bobwig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted.

On the opposite sconce, a scratch.

On the window seat, a Nankin waistcoat, bound with silver twist without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine, and pretty much shrunk.

Item, A pair of buck-skin breeches, in one pocket, a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart bottle, chipt and ground into a smooth ring, very fit to be used as a spying-glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a shower.

In the corner, a walking staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-case, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill ; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon Mr. Twister ; another of four lines, which he calls a distich ; and a third, much blotted and scratched, and yet unfinished, entitled, An Extempore Epigram.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devise, if possible, some expedient to reclaim him ; when on a sudden, a sound, like the braying of an ass, at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and to my further astonishment, beheld my nephew, almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs, in imitating that respectable animal : I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him hastily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I never would see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door, without making any reply ; and, having advanced into the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence.

mence ; and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities ; and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is blest with such a variety of useful talents, and so completely accomplished as a Choice Spirit, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business.

I am, &c.

B. THORNTON.

BY A LADY.

IT is the observation of experience, that misfortunes seldom come single. Perhaps it is owing to this reason ;—it is ordained in mercy to mankind, that our attention should be directed from dwelling too long on one object ; that our activity (wherein consists our safety) should be excited by a variety of afflictions and the tide of our sorrow rendered less impetuous and destructive, by being divided into several channels.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We with pleasure acknowledge the receipt of "*Menander's* elegant communication." We are sorry that he deferred the transmission of his favor to so late an hour, that we are necessitated to postpone its insertion. We congratulate the public that Menander has resumed his lyre, and again charms with his sweet melody and his classic song.

CONDITIONS.

- I. The Nightingale will be published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening in Numbers, each No. to contain 12 duodecimo pages.
- II. The price of the Nightingale will be 25 cents for every 72 pages, to be paid for every fortnight, on Saturday evenings.
- III. Every subscriber to be at liberty of erasing his name from the list, at any time, provided he is not in arrear for the work.
- IV. At the expiration of every 3 months, or the delivery of every 468 pages, a title page and index will be given gratis.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Original Poetry.

MONODY,

Sacred to the memory of miss DORCAS DOUBLEDAY,

who died at Stowe, after a short illness, April, 1796. Aged 21 years.

THE elegiac lay no common woe inspires,
No common merit prompts the applauding strain.—

When rosy beauty in its prime expires,
And leaves to sadness all the sylvan train ;

When the pure spirit to its maker flies,
And silence locks the tongue of spotless truth ;

When from sweet friendship's swoln and aching eyes,
Grief's pearly tribute bathes the bier of youth.

When such, as was the pride of Elmwood fall,
The early victims of relentless death,
Well may soft pity's tears bedew her pall.
The sigh of anguish labor in each breath.

Ye fair, elate in life's unclouded spring,
Blithe as the hours that lead the morn of May,
Fann'd by the breeze of Zephyr's scented wing,
And give to pleasure every gilding day.

The moral bard invites you to the tomb,—
Come see the victim of untimely fate ;
Come learn instruction mid'th the solemn gloom,
And here reflect, on life's uncertain date.

Here Dorcas lies ! Her virtues and her charms,
Her youth and health had promis'd "length of days ;"
Alas ! no merit death's rude hand disarms,
No voice persuasive his dread purpose stays ;

Behold a parent's agonies of grief !
A sister's moaning o'er the unconscious dead !
What power but Heaven, can give their breasts relief,
Or the kind balm of consolation shed !
In slowly mouldering slumbers rests the maid ;
Sacred her memory lives, embalm'd by love ;—
Her raptur'd soul in robes of light array'd,
Shines a bright angel in the Courts above.